#### WHERE CUSTER DIED

GRAPHIC STORY OF A VISIT TO LIT-TLE BIG HORN BATTLEFIELD.

The Number of Indians Was Larger than the Regulars Thought-The Part Played by Major Reno.

John A. Cockerill, in New York Herald. Since the close of our civil war we have had but one great and striking battle fought upon the soil of the Republic, and that is known as a massacre. I refer to the extinction of Gen. George A. Custer's cavalry command, on the Little Big Horn, in Montana, June, 1876, by a barbarous mob of Sioux and Cheyenne Indians under the command of Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse. While this deplorable affair was, in a sense, a bloody massacre, it was, nevertheless, on the part of our cavalry a battle fought from beginning to end with intelligence and discipline and with a heroism that has not been excelled since Thermopylae. It was a battle and a sacrifice.

The completion of the railway between Sheridan, Wyo., and Billings, on the Northorn Pacific rallway, has brought the Custer battlefield into touch with the outer world, and tourists in the Northwest will flock to it hereafter by the thousands. There is a neat railway station at Fort Custer, the cavalry depot of the Northwest, and the battlefield is distant about thirteen miles. An easier journey can be made from the Crow agency, which is on the line of the ratiway and only four miles from the

now historic field. In November last I had the privilege of visiting the scene of Custer's glory in the company of Col. William F. Cody and under auspices which were most agreeable

Arriving at Fort Custer, we were met by a delegation of officers of the Tenth Cavalry, prominent among them Lieutenant Maivern Hill Barnum, son of the late Gen. Henry A. Barnum, of New York—remembered as one of the bravest and noblest soldiers that ever buckled on a sword belt. General Merritt had kindly notified our coming to Col. John Kemp Mizner, commandant of the second state of t mandant of the post, and every courtesy at the command of himself and his officers was ours. Capt. J. B. McDonald, acting quartermaster, was especially zealous in his attention, as were also Lieutenants Wright, Johnston and Lieutenant-colonel

Perry.
The start for the battlefield was made at The start for the battlefield was made at 10 o'clock at m. We had two ambulances placed at our disposal, one of them fairly stocked with rations for the day, and Col. Mizner took charge of the expedition. He sent with us a detail of troopers which ied horses for our use on the field. Besides a half dozen young officers of the Tenth we had with us the post scout, Mr. James Campbell, to whom the whole country is indebted for the care of the Custer field. He was in the vicinity of the battle with Gibbons's command, and was one of the first white men to reach the field after the refreat of the foe. He was familiar with the Seventh Cavairy and was able to identhe Seventh Cavairy and was able to iden-tify a number of the mutilated bodies. He went carefully over the field, and wherever the body of a soldier lay he placed a stake. From that day he has been stationed at Fort Custer, and he has watched over the field as carefully and tenderly as "Old Mortality" guarded the graves of the Covenanters in the kirkyards of Scotland.

Through the late Senator Beck, of Ken-

tucky, who visited the field some years ago, be induced the government to fence in the battlefield and erect a neat stone lodge for the use of a superintendent. Furthermore, he obtained an appropriation for thermore, he obtained an appropriation for marble stones, which he substituted for the wooden stakes which marked the spots whereon the troopers of the Seventh fell, and to-day these white sentinels, dotting the field, tell the story of the struggle, and help, in a way, to clear up the awful shadow of mystery which will ever rest upon these solemn blood-dyed hills. Each little marble sentinel tells that here died a member of the Seventh United States Cavalry, June 25, 1876. That is all.

RELIC HUNTERS IN EVIDENCE. At the highest point of the field and within a few feet of where Custer and his little group of devoted followers rallied and fled there stands a monument, consisting of three massive blocks of granite, in pyramid form. On these stones will be found the names of the officers and men of the seventh who were immolated here. As I read them over I was struck by the fact that fully two-thirds of them were American names—a simple thing in itself, but it refuted the common belief that our regular army in time of peace is, and always has been, largely made up of foreigners. The vandal has been here with his hatchet, and great chunks of this commemorative pile have been chipped off and carried away. So heartless were the relic hunters before the government inclosed the field that it became necessary to take down the stone which marked the spot where Custer's body lay and substitute a plain, board cross. They chipped it off until a only couple of feet remained.

But that is all ended now for thorough Seventh who were immolated here. As I

feet remained.

But that is all ended now, for thorough supervision is maintained, and this field is a national cemetery now. The remains of United States soldiers who have been slain in battle and scout and massacre in that section are being gathered here and properly buried, with tombstone and monument. The victims of the Fort Phil Kearney massacre lie here now, and many a near half defaced stone which told for years at some spot on the plains of the death of some faithful bearer of the national arms has been trasferred with its bones to this mournful corner, to go on telling to the ages its story of heroic death and duty performed.

formed.

Our ride from the fort to the field was through the pretty valley of the Little Big Horn. We passed one large Crow village, and at one point witnessed a picturesque sight—to wit, about one hundred Crow Indians engaged in actual manual labor. Captain Watson, the military officer in charge of the Crow agency, has established here an experimental farm, the Indians performing the bulk of the work. He had them engaged in chopping down sage grass on the bottom as we passed. THE BATTLEFIELD ITSELF.

As we came upon the sage brush smiters the landscape was full of color. The handsome ponies, with their gay blankets and rich saddles, were tethered on the plain, and the golden sunshine was gilding their trappings with autumnal effulgence. The bucks were broad white sombreros and were clad in variegated blanket coats and trousers, while the squaws could have given a June rainbow cards and spades, so to speak, in the matter of color (though they really had hoes) and I can truthfully say that I never saw such a formidable, forceful array and so little achievement. The men were for the most part sitting around, smoking cigarettes or lounging half asleep, while the papooses rolled in the sun and the squaws alone swung the glittering hoe.

We approached the battlefield from the rear of the Indian position, and when we had climbed to the crowning point, where the monument stands, the picture spread out before as was complete. I had always supposed that Custer had led his little band into some sort of deep, dark ravine, and had been held in and simply slaughtered. Nothing of the kind. This field is a succession of brown rolling hills, divided by gullies and immense dry arayas, trending mainly to the little river which sweeps around the bases.

These elephantine hills, it may be remarked bald and bleek and destinate. were clad in variegated blanket coats and

the bases.

These elephantine hills, it may be remarked, bold and bleak and destitute of shrubbery, are so convoluted and intertwined that an army such as Alexander led into Phoenicia into be hidden behind any one of them wanout attracting the attention of a scout 100 yards away. No open picture can adequately describe the formation of the field upon which the fighting took place. But the story is plainly told, took place. But the story is plainly told, though no living witness her told it. Poor Custer was the victim of misinformation, but it is unjust to his memory to say that he was reckless or foolish. He had been a general of volunteers, with a splendid record as a cavalry fighter, and on this expedition he was lieutenant colonel, and in command of the Seventh Cavalry. He was in disfavor at Washington, He was anxious to distinguish himself in battle. At the advance of Terry's expedition he had been pushing for some days on the trail of a band of Southern Wyoming Indians, marching to join Sitting Bull's uprising. He knew from the size of the trail that he had from 1,200 to 1,500 hostiles to deal with. His scouting must have been poor, for when the Indian village was located he determined not only to attack, but to capture the entire band.

HORRORS OF THE CONTEST. Reserving five companies to nimself he laced four companies under command of Major Reno to move on his left flank and two companies under Captain Benteen, who was to work around to the Indian right and was to bag the enemy when the stampede the point of the range which the him into the view of the enemy, if the creek and was at once ergaged, and of finding himself confronted by

1,200 Pawnees under Sankena, he found himself in a death grapple with not less than 5,000 Sioux and Cheyenne warriors. It is in evidence that the Indians had broken up their villages and were preparing to decamp when they discovered that they only had "horse soldiers" to deal with. At the very outset Custer threw out a strong skirmish line. Every member of the gallant band was slain and the little marble

strong skirmish line. Every member of the gallant band was slain and the little marble stones which mark the spots where these brave men fell are beautifully aligned. As the main body moved into action great masses of the enemy rose in front of him and swung around to his rear.

On the first hillside he divided his command and sent two troops, numbering sixty men, down the left side of the confronting ridge, while he kept to the right on almost parallel lines, advancing into a dry ravine. Here he met with terrible oppositon, and from this time on he struggled to get upon the high ground, steadily advancing. With the high ground, steadily advancing. With his thinned ranks—the slaughter even more his thinned ranks—the slaughter even more terrible—he reached the spot where he met his death. At this point the separated command could see him, and the poor doomed fellows made a heroic effort to reach him. They fell in groups of fours, by twos and singly. You can count the little marble stones, sixty in number. Could anything be more pitiful? At the same instant the little group rallied around Custer was being annihilated. From the low ground in front of the gallant leader rose 1,000 fierce Cheyennes under the satanic Rain-in-the-Face. Not a life was spared. By Custer's side his brother Tom fell. Then it was that Rain-in-the-Face, who had sworn to eat Tom Custer's heart because as officer of the lay at some camp the lieutenant had one day placed the villalnous chief in the guardhouse, ripped open the poor fellow's body, and tearing therefrom the recking heart made good his savage oath.

CUSTER'S BODY UNHARMED. All was now silent save for the demoniacal and exultant cries of the savages. The remains of the brave Custer were not disturbed, but every other body on that field was hacked and mutilated in the most hor-

This is the story of that battle, as interpreted by the insensible records. It was no more a butchery than Thermopylae. It was a battle—a mistaken one, but, nevertheless, a battle fought tactically and with intelli-gence on Custer's part. We talk of Balak-lava and its record of heroism, but that of the four hundred of the light brigade, who the four hundred of the light brigade, who charged the Russian batteries on that day, more than one half returned unscathed. Two hundred and sixty-two rode with Custer and 262 died overwhelmed. With the last shot was silence. The report might have been written: "None wounded; none missing; all dead." No living tongue of all that heroic band was left to tell the story. The miserable half-breed scout, "Curley," who may yet be seen hanging around Fort Custer, claims to have been with Custer when the engagement began, but he pulled a Sioux blanket over his head, mingled with the enemy and ran away at the first fire. He could only tell that there had been a battle.

he could only tell that there had been a battle.

As to the duration of the battle little is known. One Indian told Scout Campbell that the battle lasted about as long as it takes a hungry Indian to eat his dinner, and another said that it lasted as long as a candle would burn about a quarter of an Inch. From this it is inferred that the struggle lasted about twenty-five minutes. And every man fought. The empty shells from the carbines found around the camp showed that every trooper fought flercely and followed his leader. At one part of the field where Custer's detachment first became heavily engaged I saw, one hundred yards across a ravine, a little white stone, telling where a trooper's body had been found. It was far from the other fallen comrades, and so horribly lonely as all these white stones seemed, this one was sadly so.

"I found a body there," said Mr. Campbell, "and it may have been that of a panic-stricken man trying to get away, but I suspect that the man was wounded and that his panic-stricken horse carried him over there." CRITICISM OF MAJOR RENO.

It will always be an open question whether Major Reno purposely failed Custer or erred on the side of caution. He knew that his chief had set out to attack the foe and he should have been ready to lend assistance. It is claimed by many that he might have heard the firing. I do not think so. The formation of the hills would think so. The formation of the hills would have prevented that. Had Custer had a couple of pieces of light artillery he might have notified Reno that the fight was on, but owing to the bad road he carried no artillery. There was no volley firing and the Indians did no more shooting than was necessary, for they didn't want to kill or wound the horses, which they coveted. An Indian told Mr. Campbell that both Lieutenants Crittenden and Keogh were killed with clubs while on their horses.

Colonel Cody has always insisted that Reno kept away out of pure cowardice, and

no kept away out of pure cowardice, and at a dinner given some years ago by officers of the Fifth cavalry, Major Reno being present, he made assertions which greatly incensed that individual. Smarting under the affront, he informed Cody that if he was an officer of the army and a gentleman he would challenge him. Colonel "Bill" declared that for his part he would waive all army regulations, and as for gentility he would let his record stand against that of a man who could sit supinely by while his helpless comrades were being slaughtered like sheep in the shambles. And there the matter rested.

As I stood on this field, which will ever no kept away out of pure cowardice, and

As I stood on this field, which will ever cradle the memory of Custer and his glorious band—the great brown hills flooded with sunlight and the silence as oppressive as the mystery which surrounds their deaths—I tried to form some idea of the awful sensation which must have come to each of these brave fellows when he realized the sickening horror of the situation on that dread day. That death awaited every man was evident after the first ten minutes. But my eyes rested on the little white marble sentinels which marked the steady, compact entinels which marked the steady, compact advance, and on every hero's cenotaph I seemed to see carved the word, "Duty."

The State and Higher Education. To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal:

Having read with some interest the current discussion in the Journal of the State University matter and kindred questions, I am inclined to add a few words thereto. "U. L. See" offers some useful suggestions, but most people in Indiana are now inclined probably, to seek a mean between a vast expenditure on the State University at this time, and its suppression. Love for that insitution-almost the only one of our higher educational institutions which has come down to us from our early wildwood, log-cabin days, is in the heart of every intelli-gent Indianian, and while the people would not look kindly on a present attempt to make it a rival of Stanford or Chicago in lavish expenditure. lavish expenditure, the truth that our university is a permanency and is to be so dealt with, may probably be safely admitted. Mr. Reynolds's idea that we do not need the university because young men can be taught in certain sectarian colleges in our State is so many millions of years behind the times that it requires no refutation. The university came long ago, but it came to stay. President Swain's recent inaugural address is an able plea for his beloved institution, and while the public mind may not go with him to the end in all his positions and desires, there will be a general agreement with the spirit of his remarks. It is always with reluctance that I disagree lavish expenditure, the truth that our uni-It is always with reluctance that I disagree with the Journal, but it seems to me that in your Sunday editorial you assign to Prof. Swain a position which he did not

tak . You say:
"He assumed that the student, standing aloof from practical contact with affairs and studying them only from such results as he can gather, is better prepared to solve the olex questions of capital and labor than are the men who have been intimately con-nected with the great industries for years in different capacities."

This is a construction of President Swain's

position which his words do not seem to warrant. His tone and spirit may be, I think, found in this extract: "A university must recognize its environment. Yet an institution of learning would be foolish, indeed, should it accept and promulgate any current theory simply because it is current. To teach either free trade or otection because either is the theory of party in power, would be unworthy of and wholly contrary to the ideals of the scholar. It should be the duty of the university to examine into every question, industrial, historical, philosophical, political, scientific which is of present or future interest to the people of the State. To gather together all the facts of experience and the thoughts of the profoundest thinkers on these questions and place before the students and people a scientific treatment of the subject, is of the utmost importance."

There does not seem much "know it all" in this. Does he not mean here, and only mean that the scholar, trained in the learnand wholly contrary to the ideals of the in this. Does he not mean here, and only mean that the scholar, trained in the learning of the schools, will aid and supplement John Sherman and Hugh McCulloch and Jay Cooke in their work? Dr. Swain probably learned, long ago, that "experience teaches knowledge," and he, no doubt, would be the last man to claim for mere theory a superiority to that best of all teachers, practical experience. This is the spirit of the above extract and it will probably so strike

The question of the removal of the university to Indianapolis is not up for present decision, and we will emulate Father Cartwright and cross Fox river when we come to it. Meantime, let us give our educational institutions fair play, and let us hope that in the new heaven and the old earth opening to Indiana this winter in our Republican Legislature the interests of higher education may not suffer.

J. B. L. Pendleton, Jan. 1.

### BREAKING THE ICE.

When William Larker irrevocably made

up his mind to take Mary Kuchenbach to the great county picnic at Blue Bottle Springs, he did not tell his father, as was his custom in most matters. To a straightlaced old Dunkard like Herrman Larker the very thought of attendance upon such a carousal, with its round dancing and square dancing, would have seemed almost implety. Henry Kuchenbach was likewise a member of that strict sect, but not quite so narrow in his ideas as his more pious neighbor. Yet to him also the suggestion of his daughter being a participant in such frivolity would have met with scant ap-

But William was longing to dance. For many years he had secretly and fondly cherished the belief that he was possessed of much inborn ability in that art-a genius compelled to remain dormant by the narrowness, the strictness of his family's ideas. Many a rainy afternoon had he given vent to his desire by swinging corners and deuxet-deux-ing about his father's barn floor, with no other partner than a wheat sheaf, and no other music than that produced by his own capacious lips.

It was for this reason that when on one beautiful July day William Larker, attired in his best-a plain black frock coat, trousers of the same material reaching just below his shoe tops, a huge derby hat no longer black, but green, as a result of long exposure to the elements, and a new pair of shoes well tallowed-stepped into his buggy, tapped his sleek mare with the whip and started at a brisk pace toward the Kuchenbach farm, his stern parent believed that he was going to the great bush meeting at Bunkertown, twelve miles up the pike, and was devoutly thankful to see his son growing up in piety and when Mary Kuchenbach, buxom and rosy, wearing a plain black dress, the sombreness of which was relieved solely by a white kerchief about the neck, and a gray poke bonnet, as became one of her sect, climbed up and took the vacant place beside him, Henry Kuchenbach, standing at the gate with his wife at his side, called after them as the vehicle rattled away: "Be sure and tell Preacher Book when he comes this way to stop in an' get that crock of sausages we've be'n keepin' for missions." And good Mrs. Kuchenbach threw up her hands and explained: "Ain't them a lovely 'Yes," replied the husband grimly, "an'

they've be'n keepin' company six years now an' that there fellow ain't never spoke his mind." Meantline the buggy sped along the smooth road, the rattle of its wheels, the clatter of the sleek mare's hoofs and the shrill call of the killdee skimming across the meadows being the sole sounds that broke the silence of the quiet country. A mile was gone over and then the girl said falteringly. "B. c. oll a light the silence of the was gone over and then the girl said fai-teringly: "B-e-e-ll, a'n't et wrong?"
William in response hit the horse a vic-ious cut with the whip and replied:
"Et don' seem jest right ter fool 'em, but you'll fergit 'bout et when we git dancin'."

"I a'n't never be'n ter one o' them picnics an' I feel afraid." Then there was silence between them—a stlence broken only at rare intervals, when one of the pair ventured some common-place remark, which was always rewarded with a laconic reply of "Yais" or "Yer don't say?"
Up hill and down rattled the

lowing the crooked country road across the wide valley. Over three low, wooded ridges, then several miles up the broad meadows that line the picturesque Juniata it wended its way, until at length the green grove in the center of which lies the Blue Bottle The festivities had already begun. The outskirts of the wood were filled with vehicles of every description—buggies, buckboards, spring wagons, omnibuses and ancient phaetons.

cient phaetons.

The horses had been unhitched and tied to The horses had been unhitched and tied to trees and fences, and were munching their midday meal of oats, gnawing the bark from limbs or kicking at the flies, while their owners gave themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure. After having seen his mare comfortably settled at a small chestnut, from which she began playfully tearing all the foliage, and taken the lunch basket on one arm and his companion on the other. Wilarm and his companion on the other, William Larker proceeded eagerly to the inner portion of the grove, the portion from whence came the sounds of the fiddle and

cornet.
They passed through the outer circle of They passed through the outer circle of elderly women, who were unpacking baskets and tastefully arranging their contents on tablecloths spread on the ground—jars of pickles, cans of fruit, bags of sandwiches, bottles of cold tea, and the scores of other dainties necessary to pass a pleasant day with nature. They went through another circle of peanut, watermelon, lemonade and ice cream venders, about which were grouped many eiderly men discussing the topics of the day and exchanging greetings and at length arrived at the center of interand at length arrived at the center of interest, the dancing platform. The young Dunkards joined the crowd, which was watching the course of the dance with eager

An orchestra of three pieces, a bass viol. a violin and a cornet, operated by three men in shirt sleeves, sent forth wheezy strains to the time of which men and women, young, old and midle-aged, gayly swung corners and partners, galloped forward and ack, made ladies' chains and gentlemen's chains, winding in and out and then back and bowing, until William Larker and his companion fairly grew dizzy. The crowd of dancers was a heterogeneous one.

There were young men from the neighbor-

ing county town, gorgeous in blazers of variegated colors; there were young farmers whose movements were not in the least impeded by the sombre, heavy clothing, or the high-crowned, broad-rimmed hats that they wore; there were a few particularly forward youths in blcycle attire, and three gay young men from the neighboring city of Harrisburg, whose shining high silk hats and dancing pumps made them the envy of their more rustic companions. The women likewise, in beauty and dress, went to both extremes. Gaily flowered, airy calico, cash-mere and gingham bobbed about among shining, frigid satins and silks as modest as their owners in demeanor. Now in appar-ently inextricable chaos; now in perfectly orderly form—six sets; now winding into a dazzling mass of silk, calleo, high silk hats and blazers, then out again went the danc-

a'n't et grand," exclaimed Mary "On, and et grand, exclaimed Mary Kuchenbach, clasping her hands.
"Thet's good dancin," I tell yer," her companion replied enthusiastically.
She had seated herself upon a stump, and he was leaning against a tree a few

feet away.
"Good dancin'. Jest look at them three "Good dancin'. Jest look at them three ceety fellers, with them high shiny hats, a swingin' corners. Now a'n't they cuttin' it? Next comes 'a-la man all.' Jest watch 'em—them two in th' fur set, th' way they throw their feet—th' gal in pink with th' feller in short pants and a striped coat. Now back. Thet there's dancin', I tell yer, Mary. 'Gents dozey-dough' next. That 'ere feller don't call figures loud enough. There feller don't call figgers loud enough. There they go-bad in the rear set-thet's better. See them ceety fellers again—swingin' part-ners. Grand chain! Good all 'round-nothere's a break. See thet girl in blue sat-ing-she's turned too soon. Thet's better -tother way-bow yer corners-now yer

The music stopped and the dancers, pant-ing from their exertions, fanning and mopping, left the platform and scattered among the audience.

William Larker's eyes were aglow with excitement. The opportunity of his life had come. He was to dance to real music. with a real flesh and blood partner, after all those years of secret practice with a wheat sheaf in the seclusion of his father's wheat shear in the seclasion of his lattier's barn. He would put his arms around Mary Kuchenbach, a feat for the accomplishment of which he had probably longed for more than the other. While his companion, seated upon the stump, gazed curiously, timidly, at the gay crowd around her, he, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, stood frigidly before her, mentally picturing the pleasure

purely imaginary air floated through his brain, and he fancied himself "dozy-doughing" and "goin' a visitin' " with the rosy girl beside him.

The man with the bass viol began to rub resin on his bow; the violinist was tuning up and the cornetist giving the stops of his instrument the usual preliminary practice. when the floor master announced the next dance. One after another the couples sifted from the crowd and clambered upon the

His feet could hardly keep still when a

"Two more couple," cried the conductor.
"Come 'long, Mary. Now's our chanc'."
whispered the young Dunkard to his com-'Oh, B-e-el, really I can't. I never danced in puberlick afore."
"But you kin. It ain't hard. All yer'll hev ter do is ter keep yer feet a-movin' an' do what the feliar that's callin' figgers

says."

The girl hesitated.
"One more couple," roared the floor master.

William was getting excited.

"You kin dance with th' best uv 'em.
Come along."

"Really, no. I'm too narvous. Jest wait."

The 'twang of the fiddle commenced; the been "roughed" for the winter asphalt.

## cracked, quivering notes of the horn arose above the buzz of conversation. "Bow yer partners—corners," cried the leader. And the young man sat down on the

"We'll hev ter git in th' next," he said.
"Why, it's dead easy. Yer see, this 'eres only a plain quadre-il. Youse orter see one 'et ain't plain. One of them where they has it's leaf them they have the have they have the have the have the hard they have the have the have the hard they h sich figgers ez 'first lady on the war dance,' like they done at the big weddin' up at Bunkertown three years ago. These is plain. I've never danced before myself, but I've seen 'em do it, an' I've be'n practicin'. All you'll hey ter do is mind me." And so the following dance found the pair on the platform among the first. The girl trembling, blushing and self-conscious, the young man, self-conscious, but triumphant and composed.

"Bow yer partners," cried the floor mas-ter, when the orchestra had started its Down went the gray poke bonnet, down went the great derby, and a smile of joy overspread the broad face beneath it.

"Swing yer partners" The great arms went around the plump form, lifting it off its feet; their owner spun round, carefully replaced his burden on the floor, bowed, smiled and whispered, "Ain't et grand?"
"Corners"

The young woman in blue satin gave a slight scream that was metamorphosed into a giggle as she felt herself swung through space in the arms of the muscular person toward whom she had careened. Her partner, one of the young city men with a high silk hat, grinned and whispered in her ear,

"Oat cake."

"Leads for'a'd an' back!"

William Larker seized his partner's plump hand and bounded forward, bowing and twisting, his free arms gesticulating in unison with his legs and feet. He was in it now in the thick of the dance; in it with his whole heart. Whenever there was any his whole heart. Whenever there was any dozy-doughing to be done William was there; if a couple went "visitin'" he was with them; when "Ladies to the Center!" was called he was there; in every "Grand chain" he turned the wrong way; he gripped the ladies' hands until they inwardly groaned; he tramped on and crushed the patent-leather pumps of the young city man, and in response to a muttered something smiled his unconcern, bolted back to his corner and swung his partner and whispered, "Ain't it grand?" The young women giggled facetiously and winked at their acquaintances in the next set; the forward youth in the bicycle costume talked about road sweepers, and the city young man said: "Oat cake."

But the young Dunkard was unconscious

But the young Dunkard was unconscious of it all to the end—the end that came most suddenly and broke up the dancing. "Swing yer partners," bawled the floor William Larker obeyed. A ragged bit of the sole of his shoe, worn through by scuffling, caught in a crack and over he went, his partner clasped tight in his arms,

off the high platform.

There was blood on the big boulder and a gash in William's scalp when he was picked up a moment later and carried down to the spring. The doctors poured water over him and bandaged up his head, and

over him and bandaged up his head, and when he recovered his senses he found himself the center of all eyes.

His first glance fell upon the white face of Mary Kuckenbach, who, seated on a stump, was weeping heartily, despite the efforts of a large crowd of sympathizing women to allay her fears. He looked up and his eyes met those of the young woman in blue satin, who was looking down on him, and he saw her giggle, and turn and speak to the crowd. He thought that he noticed a high silk hat and heard the word "oat-cake," and then and there he resolved to return and never again depart from the to return and never again depart from the quiet ways of his fathers.

They drove home in the early evening. William Larker and Mary Kuchenbach. And they had crossed the last ridge and were looking out over the broad valley toward the dark mountains at the foot of which lay their homes, when the first word was spoken.
The girl looked at her companion and said: "Be-el, ain't dancin' dang'rous?"
The young man cut the mare with the

whip, blushed, and with much confusion, replied: "Yais, kinder. But—but—I'm sorry I drug you off th' platform like thet."

She covered her mouth with her hand and She covered her mouth with her hand and giggled. William just saw the corner of one of her eyes as she looked up at him from under the gray bonnet, and replied: "Oh, I didn't min' that. Et was jes' lovely—tell we hit."

The mare swerved to one side toward the fence and the driver seized the rein he had dropped and pulled her back into the beaten track. Then the whip fell from his hands and he stopped and clambered down into the road and recovered it. But when he regained his seat in the buggy he wrapped

regained his seat in the buggy he wrapped the reins twice around the whip, and the intelligent beast trotted home unguided.

—New York Evening Sun.

#### A TALK WITH AN EMPRESS. An Account of an Audience with Her Majesty of Japan.

Lady Freemantle, in London Queen. The following account of an audience with the Empress of Japan, just relating what actually took place during the visit of my cousin, Miss Wells, and myself to the Mikado's palace, may be of some in-terest at the present time. We duly re-ceived our cards of audience through our British charge d'affaires, informing us or the hour at which we were to present ourselves at the palace, and of the dress which is de rigueur on such occasions, viz: "Robes montantes en train long." To meet the necessary requirements I had to adapt a handsome evening gown of black and gray brocaded satin, trimmed with black velvet, by filling in the neck and sleeves with black lace. A set of moonstone stars, necklet, etc., completed my costume. Miss Wells looked well in a handsome gown of black broche silk, trimmed with a front of black beaded net over mauve silk, and gold ornamerts.

We were received at the top of the steps by three court officials in plain black court dress, who conducted us along numerous corridors all very handsomely carpeted and papered, with here and there a magnificent old lacquered door brought from some old palace. At length we were shown into a magnificent room looking into a court with fountains and shrubs, the room very well

furnished in European style.

We had not long to wait before being ushered into the presence of the Empress. The room in which she receives private presentations is very small, and I was quite unprepared to come upon her so suddenly, and only just had time to make my curtsey before finding myself close to her. The room was almost devoid of furniture only a table or two and some pretty Japanese ornaments. The Empress was accompanied by three ladies, La Vicontesse Takakura (dames du palais), and Mile. Kagawa and Mile. Annekoji Yoshiko (dames d'honneur), all dressed in soft mauve or gray shades of brocade, with high necks and trains. The Empress had on a mauve brocade made with high-rather pointed-bodice, and fitting beautifully, and the skirt plain, with train. She were some beautiful diamond ornaments in her hair and on her neck, She is small, as are most Japanese ladies, with a pleasant face, and, I can imagine, might brighten up if she were animated; but during our visit she was perfectly emotionless, and we could just see her lips move, but scarcely heard what she said. All our conversation was carried on in a low whisper, and, as I towered above my little interpreter, it was most difficult to hear what was said, and I had to bend my head in the most uncomfortable way. Our interview dld not, how-ever, last long. Asking me how many weeks I had stayed at Vladivostock, I answered, "Three days, your Majesty." "Was it not possible for the Admiral to postpone his departure and remain for the fete of chrysanthemums?" Then the Empress told me how glad she had been to see me, and put out her hand for me to take. I then made another curtsey and retired, Miss Wells taking my place, and after her little interview we both tacked out of the royal

### Live Stock.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 1.—Cattle—The mar-ket was steady. Feeders, \$3@3.50; stockers, Hogs-The market was 10@15c higher. Choice packing and butchers', \$4.60@4.65; fair to good packing, \$4.45@4.55; good to extra light, \$4.40@4.50; roughs, \$3.75@4.

Sheep and Lambs.—The market was steady. Good to extra shipping sheep, \$2.25 @2.50: fair to good. \$2@2.25; extra lambs, \$3@3.50; common to medium, \$2.50@2.75. KANSAS CITY, Jan. 1.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,100; shipments, 500. The market was strong to 5c higher; Texas steers, \$2@3.75; Texas cows, \$2@2.75; beef steers, \$3.25@5.20; native cows, \$1.40@3.50. Hogs—Receipts, 6,900; shipments, 1,000. The market was 5@10c higher; bulk of Sheep-Receipts, 1,000. The market was steady and unchanged.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 1.—The past week has been quiet in the wool market, with the volume of sales falling off. It is, of course, too early to estimate the effect of course, too early to estimate the effect of the new tariff on trade. The tone is steady, and buyers in need of supplies are paying about former rates. Prices for the leading descriptions are as follows: Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces, X, 19@20c; XX and above, 18@18%c; Ohio delaine, 13@18%c; Territory wools, Montana fine and fine medium, 9@12c; No. 2 medium Wyoming, Utah, Dakota, Nevada, Idaho and Colorado fine and fine medium, 9@11c; No. 2 medium, 11@12c; Oregon wools—Eastern fair, 9@10c; Australian wools—Scoured combing super, 41@42c; average, 37@38c.

42c; average, 37@38c.

### COMMERCIAL RECORD

THE JOBBING TRADE.

(The quotations given below are the selling prices of wholesale dealers.) Candles and Nuts. Candles—Stick, 6c per lb; common, mixed, 6c; G. A. R. mixed, 6c; Banner, mixed, 10c; cream mixed, 9c; old-time mixed, 7c.

Nuts—Soft-shelled almonds, 16c; English walnuts, 12c; Brazil nuts, 9c; filberts, 11c; peanuts, roasted, 6@7c; mixed nuts, 10@12c.

Canned Goods.

Canned Goods.

Peaches—Standard, 2-pound, \$1.85@2; 2-pounds seconds, \$1.50@1.65; 3-pound pie, \$1.15 @1.20; California standard, \$2.25@2.50; California seconds, \$1.85@2. Miscellaneous—Blackberries. 2-pound, 90@95c; raspberries, 2-pound, \$1.10@1.20; pineapple, standard, 2-pound, \$1.25@1.35; choice, \$2@2.25; cove oysters, 1-pound, full weight, 90@96c; light 65@70c; 2-pound, full, \$1.80@1.90; light, \$1.10@1.20; string beans, \$5@95c; Lima beans, \$1.10 @1.30; peas, marrowfat, \$1.10@1.20; early June, \$1.25@1.50; lobsters, \$1.85@2; red cherries, \$1.20@1.25; strawberries, \$1.20@1.30; salmon (lbs), \$1.45@2.20; 3-pound tomatoes, \$1.05@1.10.

Coal and Coke. Anthracite coal, all sizes, \$7.50 per ton; Pittsburg and Raymond City, \$4.25 per ton; Jackson, \$4.25; block, \$3.25; Island City, \$3. Blossburg and English cannel, \$5. All nut coals 50c below above quotations.

Coke—Connellsville, \$3.75 per load; crushed, \$3.25 per load; lump, \$3 per load.

Alcohol. \$2.48@2.60; asafetida, 40c; alum, 4@5c; camphor, 47@50c; cochineal, 50@55c; chloroform, 60@65c; copperas, bris, 75@85c; cream tartar, pure, 26@28c; indigo, 65@80c; licorice, Calab., genuine, 30@40c; magnesia, carb., 2-oz, 25@35c; morphine, P. & W., per oz, \$2.05@2.30; madder, 14@16c; oil, castor, per gal, \$1.10@1.15; oil, bergamot, per lb, \$3; opium, \$2.75; quinine, P. & W., per oz, 35@40c; balsam copaiba, 60@65c; soap, castile, Fr., 12@16c; soda bicarb., 4½@6c; saltpeter, 8@20c; turpentine, 36@40c; glycerine, 14@20c; iodide potassium, \$3@3.10; bromide potassium, 40@45c; chlorate potash, 20c; borax, 12@14c; cinchonida, 12@15c; carbolic acid, 22@26c. Drugs. 

Dried Fruits.

Figs—Layer, 11@14c per lb.
Raisins—Loose Muscatel, \$1.25@1.40 per box; London layer, \$1.35@1.75 per box; Valencia, 6½@8½c per lb; layer, 9@10c.
Peaches—Common, sun-dried, 8@10c per lb; California, 10@12c; California, fancy, 12½@13½c.
Apricots—Evaporated, 9@13c.
Prunes—California, 6@10c per lb.
Currants—4½@5c per lb.
Dry Goods.

Currants—4½@5c per lb.

Dry Goods.

Bleached Sheetings—Androscoggin L, 6c;
Berkeley, No. 60, 7c; Cabot, 6c; Capital, 5½c; Cumberland, 6½c; Dwight Anchor, 7½c; Fruit of the Loom, 7½c; Farwell, 7c; Fitchville, 5½c; Full Width, 5½c; Gilt Edge, 5½c; Gilded Age, 7c; Hill, 6½c; Hope, 5½c; Linwood, 6½c; Lonsdale, 6½c; Lonsdale Cambric, 8½c; Masonville, 7½c; Peabody, 5¾c; Pride of the West, 11½c; Quinebaugh, 6c; Star of the Nation, 6c; Ten Strike, 6½c; Pepperell, 9-4, 18c; Pepperell, 10-4, 20c; Androscoggin, 9-4, 19c; Andoscoggin, 10-4, 20c; Androscoggin, 9-4, 19c; Andoscoggin, 10-4, 20c; Carlisle, 40-inch, 7c; Dwight Star, 7½c; Carlisle, 40-inch, 7c; Dwight Star, 7½c; Great Falls E 6c; Great Falls J, 4¾c; Hill Fine, 6½c; Indian Head, 6c; Lawrence LL, 4¼c; Pepperell E, 6c; Pepperell R, 5½c; Pepperell, 9-4, 16c; Pepperell, 10-4, 18c; Androscoggin, 9-4, 18½c; Androscoggin, 10-4, 20½c.

Prints—Allen dress styles, 4½c; Anlen's staples, 4¾c; Allen TR, 5c; Allen robes, 5½c; American indigo, 4½c; Arnold LLC, 6¾c; Cocheco fancy, 5c; Manchester fancy, 5c; Mamilton fancy, 5c; Manchester fancy, 5c; Mamilton fancy, 5c; Manchester fancy, 5c; Marrimae fancy, 5c; Marrimae pinks and purples, 5½c; Pacific fancy, 5c; Pacific robes, 5½c; Pacific mourning, 5½c; Simpson's oil finish, 6c; Simpson's grays, 5c; Simpson's mournings, 5c. Dry Goods. son Eddystone, 5c, Simpson Berlin Solids, 5½c; Simpson's oil finish, 6c; Simpson's grays, 5c; Simpson's mournings, 5c, Ginghams—Amoskeag staples, 5c; Amoskeag Persian Dress, 6½c; Bates Warwick Dress, 6½c; Johnson BF Fancies, 8½c; Lancaster, 5c; Lancaster Normandies, 6c; Carrolton, 4%c; Renfrew Dress, 6½c; Whittenton Heather, 6½c; Calcutta Dress styles, 5½c;

6½c.
Kidfinished Cambrics—Edwards, 3½c;
Warren, 3½c; Slater, 3½c; Genesee, 3¾c.
Tickings—Amoskeag ACA, 11½c; Conestoga BF, 13c; Cordis, 140, 12½c; Cordis FT, 12½c; Cordis ACE, 12½c; Hamilton awnings, 10c; Kimono Fancy, 17c; Lenox Fancy, 18c; Methuen AA, 12c; Oakland AF, 6c; Portsmouth, 11c; Susquehanna, 13c; Shetucket SW, 7½c; Shetucket F, 8c; Swift River, 5½c. 514c. Grain Bags-Amoskeag, \$12.50; American, \$12.50; Franklinville, \$15; Harmony, \$12.50; Stark, \$17.50.

Sugars-Hard sugars, 4.20@4.82c; confectioners' A, 4%c; soft A, 3.90@4c; extra C, 3.65@3.75c; yellow C, 3%@3%c; dark yellow, 3.65@2.75c; yellow C, 3½@3½c; dark yellow, 3½@3½c.
Coffee — Good, 19@20c; prime, 20@21c; strictly prime, 22@23c; fancy green and yellow, 25@27c; ordinary Java, 29½@30½c. Roasted—Old government Java, 32½. @33½c; golden Rlo, 25c; Bourbon Santos, 26c; golden Santos, 24½c; prime Santos, 23½c; Cottage (blended), 22½c; Capital (blended), 21c; Pilot, 20½c; Dakota, 19½c; Brazil, 19c; 1-pound packages, 21¼c.
Molasses and Syrups—New Orleans molasses, fair to prime, 30@40c; choice, 40@45c; syrups, 23@30c.

syrups, 23@30c. Salt—In car lots, 95c@\$1; small lots, \$1@ 1.05.
Spices—Pepper, 15@18c; allspice, 10@15c; cloves, 15@20c; cassia, 10@12c; nutmegs, 65@75c per pound.
Beans—Choice hand-picked navy, \$1.85@190 per bu; medium hand-picked, \$1.80@1.85; limas, California, 5½@6c per pound.
Twine—Hemp, 12@18c per lb; wool, \$@10c; flax, 20@30c; paper, 15c; jute, 12@15c; cotton, 16@25c 16@25c. Rice-Louisiana, 41/2651/2c; Carolina, 41/20

634c.

Shot—\$1.20@1.25 per bag for drop.

Leau—644@7c for pressed bars.

Flour Sacks (paper)—Plain, 1-32 brl, per 1.000, \$3.50; 1-16 brl, \$5; 3% brl, \$8; ¼ brl, \$16; No. 2 drab, plain, 1-32 brl, per 1.000, \$4.25; 1-16 brl, \$6.50; ¼, \$10; ¼, \$20; No. 1 cream, plain, 1-32 brl, per 1.000, \$7; 1-16, \$8.75; ¼, \$14.50; ¼, \$28.50. Extra charge for printing.

Wooden Dishes—No. 1, per 1.000, \$2.50; No. 2, \$3; No. 3, \$3.50; No. 5, \$4.50.

Woodenware—No. 1 tubs, \$5.25@5.75; No. 2 2. \$3: No. 3. \$3.50: No. 5. \$4.50. \$4.50. \$5. \$4.50. \$6. \$7.5; No. 2 tubs, \$4.50. \$6. \$7.5; No. 3 tubs, \$4.64.50; 3-hoop palls, \$1.50. \$6. \$6. \$1.50.

Bar iron, 1.20@1.30c; horshoe bar, 2½@ 2½c; nail rod, 6c; plow slabs, 2½c; American cast steel, 8c; tire steel, 2½@3c; spring steel, 4½@5c.

Leather—Oak sole, 30@40c; hemlock sole, 24@30c; harness, 28@30c; skirting, 31@32c; single strap, 41c; black bridle, per doz, \$60@95; fair bridle, \$60@78 per doz; city kip, 55@75c; French kip, 85c@\$1.10; city calf-skins, \$5c@\$1; French calfskins, \$1@1.80.

Nails and Horseshoes. Steel cut nails, \$1.10; wire nails, \$1.25 rates; horseshoes, per keg, \$3.75; mule shoes, per keg, \$4.75; horse nails, \$4@5 per box. Produce. Fruits and Vegetables. Grapes-Malaga grapes, \$8@10 per keg, ac-

Cording to weight.

Bananas—Per bunch, 75c@\$1.25.

Cabbage—Per bri, \$1@1.25.

Cranberries—\$10@12 per bri; \$3.50@3.75 per box.
Sweet Potatoes—Jerseys, \$3.25@3.50 per brl;
Illinois, \$2.50@2.75.
Onions—Per brl, \$1.50@1.75; 65@75c per bu;
Spanish onions, \$1.25 per crate.
Cheese—New York full cream, 12@14c;
skims, 5@7c per lb.
Lemons—Messina, \$3.50@3.75 per box; Florida, \$2.50; Malaga, \$3.25@3.50.
Potatoes—Per brl, \$1.75; per bu, 69c.
Apples—Per brl, New York and New England stock, \$2.75@3; choice, \$3.25.
Celery—Per bunch, 35@45c, according to Celery-Per bunch, 35@45c, according to

Oranges—Florida oranges, \$363.25; Mandarins, \$4.50, two box crates; grape fruit, \$4.50 per box. New Cider—Half brl. \$2.75; brl. \$4.50@5. Pine Apples—\$2.25@2.50 per doz. Provisions. Bacon-Clear sides, 40 to 50 lbs average,

74c; 30 to 40 lbs average, 7%c; 20 to 30 lbs average, 8c. Bellies, 25 lbs average, 7%c; 14 to 16 lbs average, 81%c; 12 to 15 lbs average, 81%c. Clear backs, 20 to 25 lbs average, 77%c; 12 to 20 lbs average, 77%c; 9 to 10 lbs Shoulders-English-cured, 12 lbs average, Page: 16 lbs average, 7c. Hams-Sugar-cured, 18 to 20 lbs average, Hams—Sugar-cured, 18 to 20 108 average, 100; 16 10s average, 1014c; 12½ 10s average, 1014c; 10 10s average, 1014c; Block hams, 104c; all first brands; seconds, 14c less. California hams, sugar-cured, 10 to 12 10s average, 7c. Boneless hams, sugar-cured, 81460c.

Pickled Pork—Bean pork, clear, per brl, 200 10s, \$14.50; rump port, \$12.50.

Breakfast Bacon—Clear firsts, 11c; seconds, 10c. Lard-Kettle-rendered, in tierces, 7%c; pure lard, 81/4c.

Tinners' Supplies. Best brand charcoal tin, IC, 10x14, 14x20, 12x12, \$6\tilde{0}.50; IX, 10x14, 14x20, 12x12, \$8\tilde{0}.50; IC, 14x20, rofing tin, \$5.25\tilde{0}.50; IC, 20x 28, \$10.50x11; block tin, in pigs, 25c; in bars, 27c. Iron—27 B iron, 3c; C iron, 4c; galvantzed, 70 and 10 per cent. discount. Sheet zinc, 5\tilde{0}.5\tilde{0}. Copper bottoms, 20c. Planished copper, 24c. Solder, 13\tilde{0}.

Clover—Choice, recleaned, 60-lb, \$5.35@5.50; prime, \$5.25@5.40; English, choice, \$5.25; prime, \$5.50; Alsike, choice, \$7.25@7.50; Alfalfa, choice, \$4.75@5; crimson or scarlet clover, \$3.75@4.25; timothy, 45-lb, choice, \$2.45@2.55; strictly prime, \$2.50@2.60; blue grass, fancy, 14-lb, \$1.40@1.50; extra clean, \$5@90c. Orchard grass, extra, \$1.85@2.05; Red top, choice, \$1@1.25; extra clean, 90c@\$1. English blue grass, 24-lb, \$2.20@2.35.

### THE INDIANAPOLIS

# JOURNAL

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